

The Swift

"Dr. Shaw"

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Five years old with an imagination the size of the red sea
And every night he's out to get me
I can't escape from his clutches I don't know one day I might just run away with nothing left to give
Every time I lay my head on my pillow I get fucked up
Well I know that I can't wake my dad up or he'll send me back to bed with a spanking
And I can't tell anyone at school they'll just laugh and treat me cruel
Actually this guy is chasing me inside my head
I don't know if I'm alive or I'm dead
Will this guy fucking leave me I can't seem to escape from these dreams and this madness
I gotta go wake my grandpa up because he's the only one who'll understand
Won't you stop chasing me because in these dreams I cry
But no one hears me
Frustrated at what I am I don't know I talk to the doctors
But they can't help me
I don't know which way is up or down all I know is he's chasing me
Won't you stop chasing me because in these dreams I cry
But no one hears me
And I still get chills remembering the way that my head was tucked between the cold wall and my left arm and he's swinging that belt so hard
I can hear it cutting the air and I look up to him and I say

I hope you shoes shine from all the tears that you walk on

And I ran all the way home

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